A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION

SCREAM

T.M.

75¢
47821
NO. 7
JULY
1974

THE UNDEAD BEHEMOTH DESCENDS INTO HELL in

THE SAGA OF THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

LIVING CORPSES STRUGGLE TO SURVIVE ON THE ISLE OF THE LIVING DEAD

THE MAN WITH NO FACE!

...ONE OF THE MOST MACABRE AMERICAN WRITERS, *WASHINGTON IRVING*, IS BEST REMEMBERED FOR HIS CREATIONS *RIP VAN WINKLE* AND *ICHABOD CRANE*... BUT THO HIS LITERARY STYLE WAS FAR FROM *HORROR* THERE IS *ONE SCENE* THAT STANDS OUT AMONG ALL OTHERS AS ONE OF THE MOST FRIGHTENING APPARITIONS IN AMERICAN LITERATURE ..

...HORROR FRAGMENTS...

...NUMBER 2 IN A SERIES OF *HORROR SCENES* FROM *CLASSIC LITERATURE*...

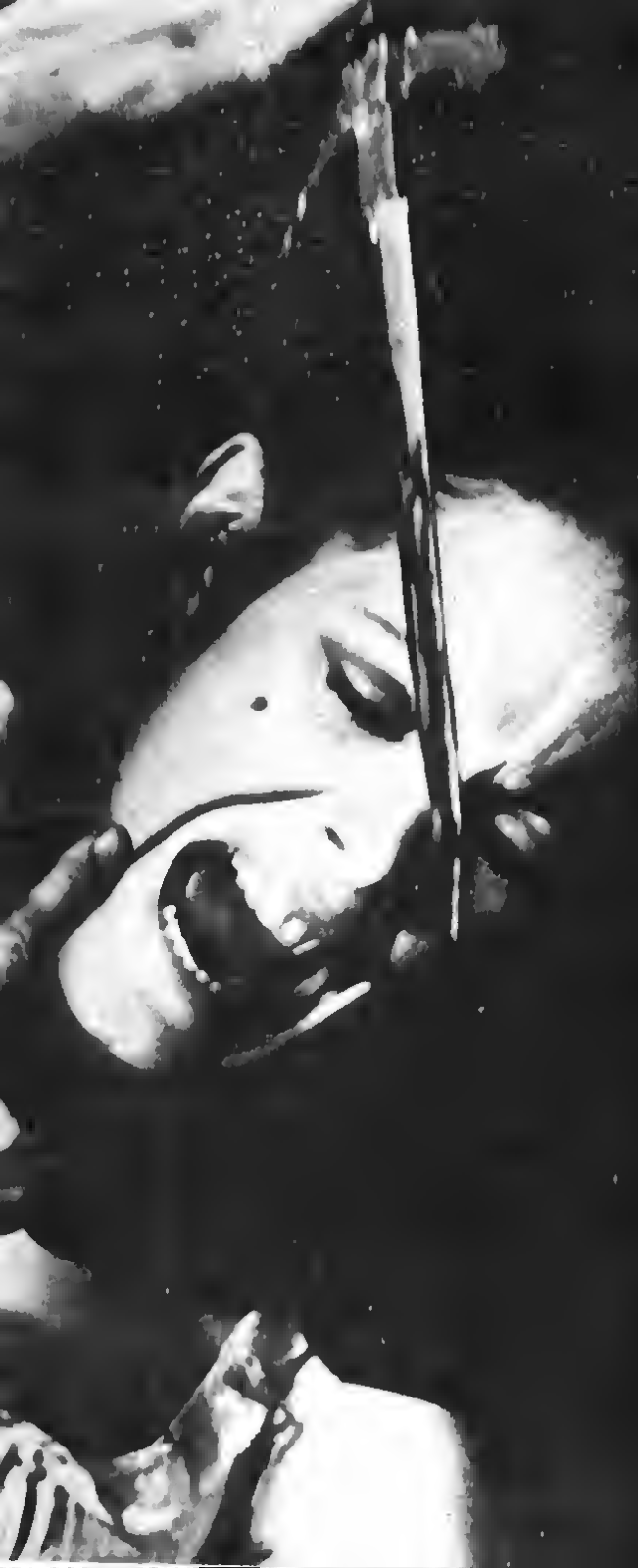
THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN

..THIS LONE RIDER UNDER THE *BLACK NIGHT SKY* IS WITHOUT A *HEAD*... ...HIS VERY *EXISTENCE* IS TO *FRIGHTEN* TO *DEATH* THE SCHOOL-TEACHER *ICHABOD CRANE*... WHOSE *BLOOD* FREEZES IN HIS *VEINS* AT THE *SIGHT* OF THE *BIZARRE GHOST* OF *HALLOWEEN EVE*...

...AND AS *ICHABOD* STOOD *PARALYZED* IN HIS TRACKS *THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN* PRODUCED OUT OF *THIN AIR* HIS HEAD...WHICH HE *THREW* AT THE *PETRIFIED* SCHOOL-TEACHER...

...THE *HEAD SHATTERED*, AS IT STRUCK HIM INTO A THOUSAND PIECES... IN REALITY IT WAS A *CARVED PUMPKIN HEAD*... BUT THE *CRUEL STUDENT'S PLOT* HAD *WORKED*...

..HIS *VICTIM'S SCREAMS* WERE HEARD OVER *ALL NEW ENGLAND* ... AND HIS *MIND* WAS *SCATTERED* TO THE *WIND*...



A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE

SCREAM

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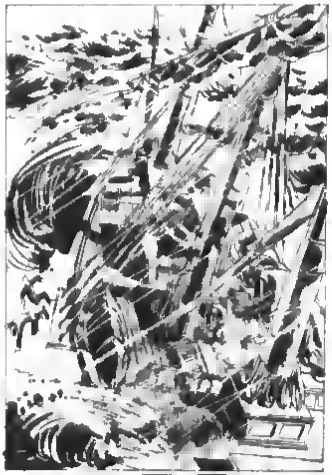
SCREAM IS PUBLISHED BY THE SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION 18 EAST 41ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10017 PUBLISHED 7 TIMES A YEAR PUBLISHERS, ISRAEL WALDMAN AND HERSCHEL WALDMAN EDITOR ALAN HEWETSON PRICE 75¢ PER COPY BACK NUMBERS OF THIS MAGAZINE MAY BE OBTAINED FROM THE PUBLISHER, REFER TO ADVERTISEMENTS ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE. THE PUBLISHER ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS OR ARTWORK, ALTHOUGH EVERY EFFORT WILL BE MADE TO RETURN MATERIAL WHEN ACCOMPANIED BY A STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE ANY RESEMBLANCE OF CHARACTERS HEREIN TO PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN ANY FORM WITHOUT THE EXPRESS WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER PRINTED IN CANADA ALL RIGHTS RESERVED DISTRIBUTED BY KABLE NEWS.

"...MY NAME IS *AL ANDERSON*... I AM A *SAILOR*, OR- *WAS* A *SAILOR*, ABOARD THE 3 MASTED SCHOONER *CHICAGO* BOUND OUT OF *BOSTON HARBOR*, THE 18TH DAY OF *OCTOBER, 1842*, FOR THE *PORT* OF *GIBRALTAR*... MIDST THE TURBULENT, ANGRY *ATLANTIC* WE ENGAGED IN A *STRUGGLE* FOR *LIFE* OR *DEATH* AGAINST THE MOST *VIOLENT STORM* IT HAS EVER BEEN MY *AGONY* TO *EXPERIENCE*... IT WAS A *STRUGGLE* TO *OUTLAST* THE *FEROCITY!*

THE *SECOND DAY ALL* WAS *LOST*. WE PRAYED TO THE *LORD ABOVE* FOR *DELIVERANCE* AS THE MIGHTY CHICAGO *BROKE UP* AND BEGAN TO *SINK*... THUS MY *NARRATIVE BEGINS* WITH A NOTE OF *HOLLOW DESPERATION*... AN ATMOSPHERE NOT AT ALL *PREMATURE*, FOR THE NEXT *FEW DAYS* OF MY *LIFE* WERE TO BECOME *PROGRESSIVELY MORE HORRIBLE AND WRETCHED*...

WRITTEN BY GOWIE ANDERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY CARDONA



...THIS IS MY *STORY*...

THE MAN WITH NO FACE

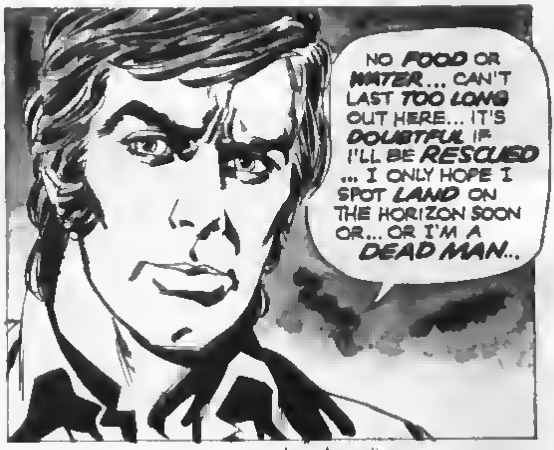
...THE CAPTAIN WOULD NOT LEAVE HIS COMMAND.. BUT THE CREW, MYSELF INCLUDED, ATTEMPTED TO SET THE LIFEBOATS INTO THE RAGING STORMY WATERS, ONLY TO BE SWAMPED AND ALMOST DROWNED...

...AS THE BOAT CRUMBLED BENEATH US UNDER THE WEIGHT OF SO MANY MEN, I LEAPT TO A RAFT-LIKE SCRAP OF THE DECK LARGE ENOUGH TO SUPPORT ONE MAN ALONE - AND CLUNG TO IT FOR MY LIFE...

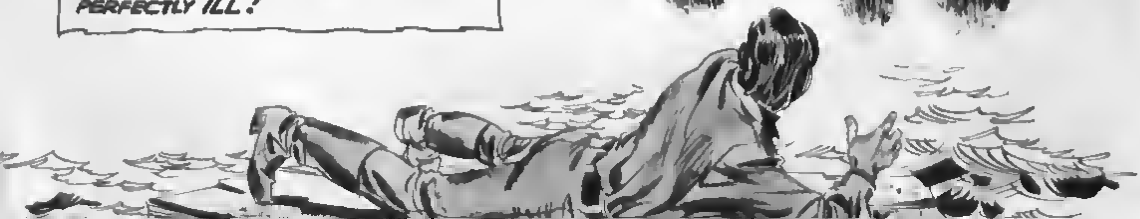
...THE MOST HORRIBLE... AND THE MOST GHASTLY SIGHT I HAVE SEEN IN MY LIFETIME WAS THE PROUD CHICAGO GIVING UP HER LIFE... SHE FIRST ROLLED TO PORT, AND SPLIT HERSELF DOWN HER GUTS, AND SLIPPED UNDER THE UGLY WAVES WITH A GROAN THAT COULD BE HEARD ALL THE WAY BACK TO BOSTON...

...I SLEPT THE REST OF THE NIGHT... AND WHEN I AWOKE, SOMETIME DURING THE EARLY DAYLIGHT HOURS, THERE WAS NOTHING IN SIGHT... NOT A MAN, NOT A BOAT, NOT A SCRAP OF DRIFTWOOD... NOTHING...

...NO IDEA WHERE I AM... COULD BE ANYWHERE!! ... STORM BLEW US WAY OFF COURSE... COULD BE OFF THE COAST OF GEORGIA OR AFRICA FOR ALL I KNOW.



...TWO DAYS PASSED... I WAS LOSING MY MIND... SEEING MIRAGES IN THE SKY... ONCE I SAW A GREAT GOLDEN CITY ON THE HORIZON... IT NEARLY DROVE ME STARK RAVING MAD... IT WAS OF COURSE, ONLY REFLECTIONS OF SOME REAL CITY SOMEPLACE FAR DISTANT - BUT THE SIGHT OF IT MADE ME PERFECTLY ILL!



...THE ISLAND WAS *REAL ENOUGH*... EXACTLY *WHERE* IT WAS I'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO *FIGURE OUT*, BUT THE MOMENT I REALIZED IT WAS *REAL* I JUMPED FROM MY *RAFT* AND MADE FOR *SHORE*...

...AS I SET ABOUT MAKING THE ISLAND MY *HOME* MY SITUATION *REMINDED* ME OF THE FAMOUS *ROBINSON CRUSOE*; AND IN *FACT*, I *EMULATED HIM IN MANY WAYS*, SCOUTING *FOOD* AND SETTING UP *HOUSE* AS I RECALLED *VARIOUS THINGS* IN THE *GREAT NOVEL*...

...AND LIKE *ROBINSON CRUSOE*, I DESIRED *COMPANSHIP*, I WAS *UNUSED* TO BEING BY *MYSELF*, AND THE *LONELINESS* WAS *UNBEARABLE*...

I HID IN A CLUMP OF **TREES**... WAITING **WATCHING** FOR THE MAKER OF THE **TRACKS** TO **RETURN**... I WAITED FOR **A DAY AND A NIGHT.** FINALLY **FELL ASLEEP** FROM EXHAUSTION... SOME TIME IN THE **EARLY HOURS** OF THE **SECOND DAY I AWAKENED**... THE MOST **BEAUTIFUL** PAIR OF LEGS I'VE EVER SEEN IN MY LIFE WERE **BESIDE ME**...

...I HAD **NEVER** BEEN SO **HAPPY** IN MY **LIFE**... I HAD A COMFORTABLE EXISTENCE AND A BEAUTIFUL **HUMAN BEING** AS **COMPANY**... YET THERE WAS **'SOMETHING'** THAT MADE ME FEEL **UNEASY** AND SOMETHING I COULDN'T **NAIL DOWN** IN MY MIND... SOMETHING **STRANGE** ABOUT THE **GIRL**...

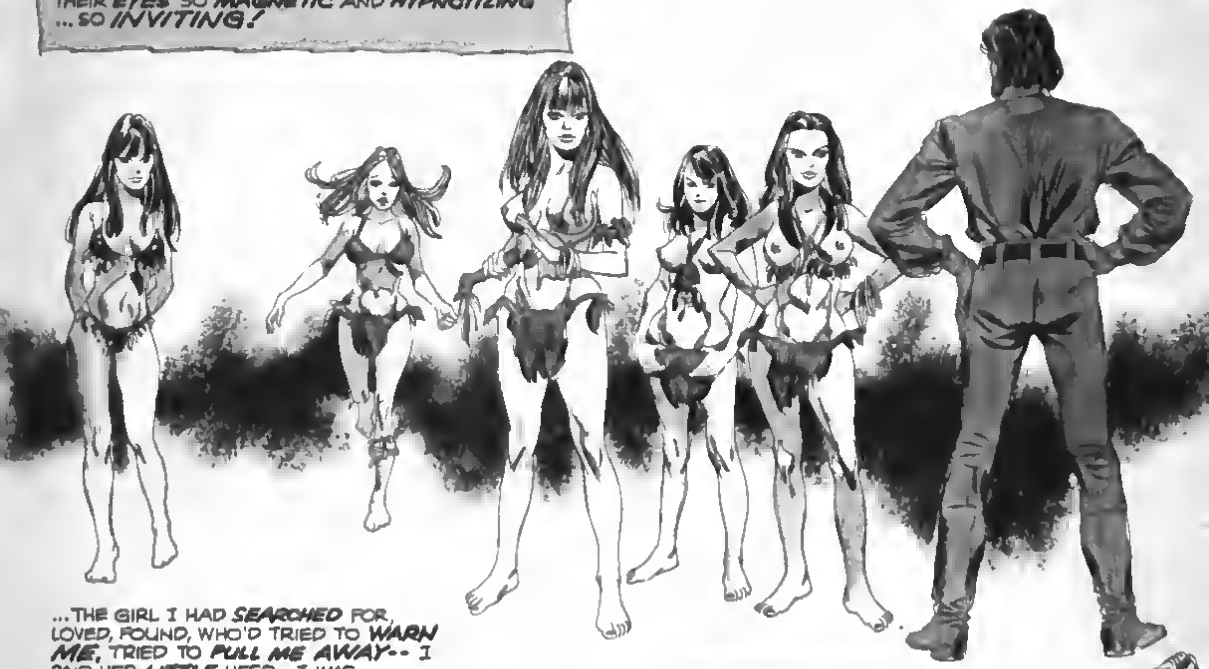
...SHE ANSWERED **NONE** OF MY QUESTIONS... SHE SAID **NOTHING**-- FOR SOME REASON SHE SEEMED TO LACK THE **POWER OF SPEECH ALTOGETHER**... BUT SHE WAS A **BEAUTIFUL CREATURE,** WITH DARK **WONDERFUL EYES** THAT **STARRED** INTO **MINE,** WITHOUT **CEASING,** FROM THE **SECOND** THEY **MET**...

...AT *NIGHTFALL*, I AWOKE FROM A *NAP* TO FIND THE GIRL *GONE* -- AND I CAN TELL YOU, I SUFFERED NO SMALL DEGREE OF *UTTER MISERY* AT SUCH A *REALIZATION*... DISTRAUGHT, I *SEARCHED* FOR HER *TRACKS*, AND FOLLOWED THEM IN THE *SAND* TO THE *BASE* OF THE *VOLCANO*...

...DESPITE MY *BEWILDERMENT, I CLIMBED* THE STEEP MOUNTAIN WALL *MYSELF* --*SEARCHING* FOR THE *GIRL* WHO HAD STOLEN MY *HEART*...

...A STRANGE, UNNATURAL *LIGHT* EMMINATED FROM *WITHIN* THE *VOLCANO*, THOUGH IT WAS *NIGHT*, A LIGHT WHICH *ILLUMINATED* A *NATURAL LADDER WITHIN* THE MASSIVE ISLAND APPENDAGE... AND WITH *CONFUSED* AND *APPREHENSIVE* THOUGHTS FILLING MY MIND, I *DESCENDED*...

...THE GIRLS WERE SO BEAUTIFUL-- THEIR EYES SO MAGNETIC AND HYPNOTIZING ...SO INVITING!



...THE GIRL I HAD SEARCHED FOR, LOVED, FOUND, WHO'D TRIED TO WARN ME, TRIED TO PULL ME AWAY-- I PAID HER LITTLE HEED... I WAS ENTRANCED... I WAS HYNOTIZED BY THE FACTUALIZATION OF MY LIFE LONG FANTASY OF BEING FAWNED UPON BY SO MANY LUSCIOUS FEMALES...

...WHILE I ENGAGE IN THE MOST BIZARRE EMBRACES WITH THE GIRLS, WHO SEEMED TO DEVOUR MY HEAD, MY WOMAN SLIPPED AWAY INTO A CAVE BY HERSELF!

... BUT WITHIN A *MOMENT* SHE *RETURNED*, BRINGING WITH HER 2 *MEN*... TWO WHO WERE *ONCE* MEN... WHO WERE *ONCE*, I REALIZED, MY *COMPANIONS* AND *FRIENDS* ABOARD THE SCHOONER *CHICAGO*... WHO WERE *NOW*... MERELY *MONSTERS!*

...THEY CAME UPON *ME* AND I--GOD HELP MY *FORSAKEN SOUL*--I DID *NOT RESIST*...

...THEY DID NOT *SPEAK*--
--THEY WERE *SLOW*,
THEIR BODIES *MOVEMENTS AWKWARD*,
THEIR *MINDS EMOTIONALLY-DISTURBED*...

...I SHOULD HAVE *TURNED* I SHOULD HAVE *RUN*, CLIMBED *OUT* OF THAT *VOLCANO PIT* AND *RUN* TO THE *OCEAN'S EDGE*... BUT THE *CREATURES*, (FOR THEY WERE NOT *FEMALE HUMANS* SO MUCH AS THEY WERE *UNGODLY SERPENTS*) HAD ME *WITHIN THEIR POWER*... AND I WAS *LOST*...

...THEY **FEASTED** UPON ME... AS THEY HAD **FEASTED** UPON GUS AND EDDY...

...AND WHEN THE **DEMONS** HAD **FILLED THEMSELVES** WITH MY **BLOOD**, AND **SATIATED** THEIR **LUSTS**-- AND WHEN THEY HAD FILLED **ME** WITH THE **POISONOUS FLUIDS** OF THEIR OWN "**BODIES**" THEY **REVERTED** TO THEIR **TRUE FORMS**... **GHASTLY** AND **OUTRAGEOUS** THAT THEY **ARE**...

...AND ALL THE TIME, MY LOVE, THE ONLY **HUMAN** AMONGST THE **DEMONS**, WEPT LIKE A **CHILD**-- WEPT FOR ME...

...IT WAS--SOME SORT OF **VOODOO** RESPONSIBLE FOR THE **CHANGELINGS** WITHIN THAT **VOLCANO PIT**, AND SOME SORT OF **TWIST** OF **NATURE** THAT **MUTATED** MY **LOVE**-- SHE'D BEEN THE ONLY **NORMAL HUMAN**-- THE ONLY ONE NOT A **MACABRE CONCOCTION** OF **NATURE'S HUMOR**... AND I **LOST HER**, THOUGH SHE HAD **TRIED** TO **WARN** ME, TRIED TO **SAVE ME**... NOW, THE 3 OF US ARE MAKING A **DESPERATE ESCAPE** BACK TO THE **MAINLAND**... IT IS **DOUBTFUL**, WE **KNOW**, THAT WE'LL EVER **MAKE IT** BACK TO **SAFETY**-- BUT WE **ALSO KNOW**, WHAT WILL **HAPPEN TO US** IF WE EVER **DO** REACH OTHER PEOPLE AGAIN... **NORMAL** PEOPLE... SO, WE HAVE **GIVEN UP** OUR **SOULS**-- WE **PRAY** THAT WE WILL **NEVER** REACH THE MAINLAND **ALIVE**...

...THE ARCHAIC HORROR MAILBAG...

This is SCREAM #7, and we welcome you — herein we feature THE MAN WITH NO FACE, (who is in reality Awkward AUGUSTINE FUNNELL), THE VICTIMS (namely, HERSCHEL and ISRAEL WALOMAN), NOSFERATU (ARCHAIC AL, the master story-teller), and FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER (Emotionally-Disturbed ED FEDORY — we haven't figured out yet whether our Ed is the Doctor or the Monster, but either way, he's still a full-fledged NUT)!

. . . a note from JOHN STAFFORD, of 21 Windemere Road, Hyde, Cheshire, England— "I am one of your many enthusiastic readers and would like to complement you on the quality of your publications. However now that the Horror magazine field is becoming popular give the fans the world over just what they require - articles and photos of their favorite horror stars.

Your line of horror mags are the rage here in England. Please print my name and address in one of your publications with a request asking your American readers to write me. I have lots of Hammer Horror items to trade as well as comics and mags. I hope this is not asking too much because its only through mags like yours that we British fans can keep in touch with the latest American news dealing with comics, films and horror."

Thank you for your kind comments John — we periodically present paranoic photo-articles and interviews with horror stars — check out our CHRISTOPHER 'DRACULA' LEE exclusive interview in NIGHTMARE #17, and look forward in the future to interviews and features about VINCENT 'DR PHIBES' PRICE and England's own PETER 'DOCTOR FRANKENSTEIN' CUSHING — coming up soon!

ERIC E SHAW, of EVANSVILLE, Indiana, sends us this poetic tribute, which is a complete horror tale told in simple, though eloquent, verse —

"Poe, from the grave
hear the rats a-gnawing
Schrunching on my brain.
Won't you help me, mother,
"Fore I go insane?

Their eyes insane with mad delight.
Glowing sweetly, darkly, richly,
Won't you help me, mother,
Help me make it through the night?

Certainly, somewhere a way
To hide the place in which I lay
Won't you help me mother,
Help me run from where I stay?
From your womb in which I weep?"

ERIC E. SHAW

That's all folks — drop us a line if you enjoyed this weird issue (or fill in the coupon and let us know your favorite story!) —and just before we go, we'd like to make an archaic editorial plug for PSYCHO #20 and the NIGHTMARE YEARBOOK, both of which are now at your local HORROR-MOOD newsstand — check them out — the best entertainment packages EVER!

R.I.P.

-ARCHAIC AL-

my favorite story this issue is :

comment :

name : age :

address :

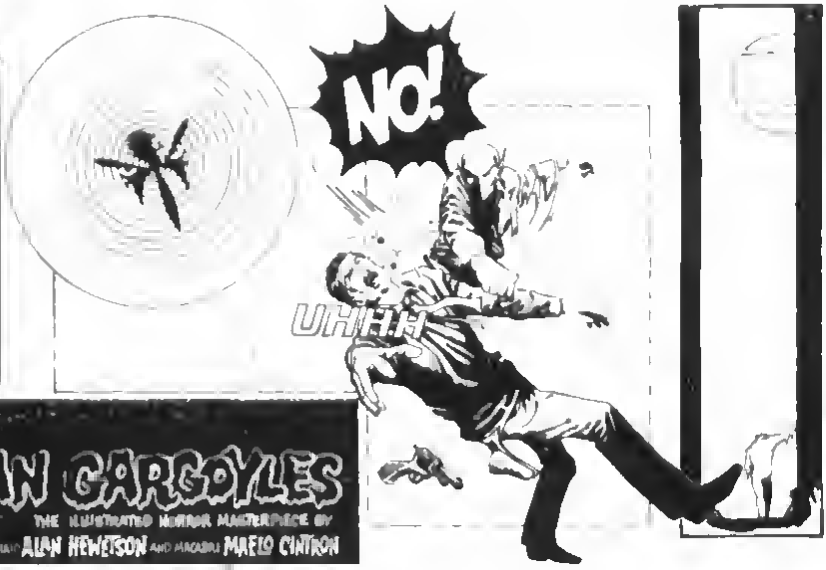
city n' other :

mail to : SKYWALD BEST STORY
Skywald Publishing Corporation
18 East 41st Street Rm 1501
New York City, N.Y. 10017

The Human Gargoyles, by Archaic Al Hewetson and Macabre Maelo Cintron, return to the pages of the HORROR-MOOD after an absence of a few issues — appearing on a regular - every - issue basis once again they are featured in every issue of

but just to be confusing, this month they appear in
#20 - on sale now

Why? Because the [illegible] issue of NIGHTMARE is a [illegible] YEARBOOK (on sale now) By [illegible] actually overwhelming) demand — THE HUMAN GARGOYLES will delight you in every issue of NIGHTMARE — miss them not!



THE SAGA OF
THE HUMAN GARGOYLES
THE ILLUSTRATED HORROR MASTERPIECE BY
ARCHAIC ALAN HEWETSON AND MACABRE MAELO CINTRON

NIGHTMARE YEARBOOK

STILL 75¢

ILLUSTRATED TALES OF TERROR FEATURING

VAMPIRISM!
VOODOO!
WITCHCRAFT!

now on sale!
-miss it not!-

NIGHT FALLS ON THE CASTLE OF NOSFERATU--SOMEWHERE OFF THE COAST OF SPAIN IN THE MEDITERRANEAN...
NIGHT FALLS ON THE EVIL VISSAGE OF NOSFERATU--A SNEERING, LOATHESOME, ANCIENT MAN AS WICKED AS TIME ITSELF...
WRITTEN BY ALAN BENETSON
ILLUSTRATED BY GERAR
NIGHT FALLS ON THE MASKS OF HIS GROTESQUE GUESTS...THE CAT--SIR DONALD HOWARDS...
...THE GOAT--HORSCH HEINDRICH...
...ANTON DUBCHEK--THE PIG...
...RAMON YORSE...THE SHARK...

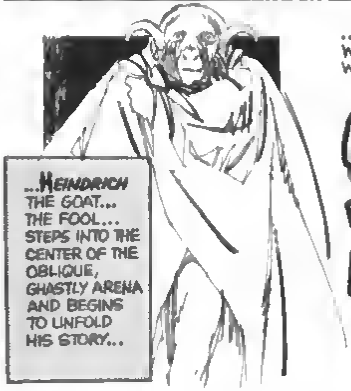
...MOONLIGHT ILLUMINATES THE EERIE FACES OF THE UNMASKED GUESTS...THE DEMON OUT OF HELL WHO CAME HERE AS A DRACULA PRETENDER...

JACQUES DUPONT...ONE WHO ONCE WORE A RODENT'S MASK AND WHO NOW BARES HIS REAL RODENT FACE...

SINNER CANE...THE DEAD MAN EVEN VOODOO COULD NOT PROTECT.

...NOSFERATU LEERS--AND SPEAKS...

HORSCH HEINDRICH... COME FORWARD... ADDRESS THE ASSEMBLAGE... TELL YOUR TALE...



...HEINDRICH THE GOAT... THE FOOL... STEPS INTO THE CENTER OF THE OBLIQUE, GHASTLY ARENA AND BEGINS TO UNFOLD HIS STORY...

"MY TALE--BEGINS IN GERMANY SOME TIME AGO... WHEN HITLER WAS STAGING WAR ON ALL THE WORLD... WHEN THE THIRD REICH WAS IN ITS VERY PRIME..."

Satan's THIRD REICH

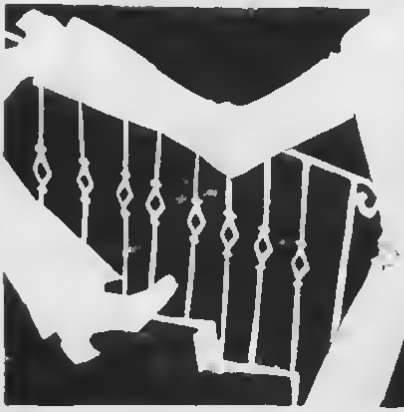
...YOU HAVE NO DOUBT HEARD OF THE MANY NAZI ATROCITIES...I DON'T MEAN THE CONCENTRATION CAMPS OR THE MASS MURDERS--I MEAN THE AWFUL ACTS OF INDIVIDUALS AGAINST INDIVIDUALS...I WAS A PARTY TO THEM... THOUGH A REMOTE PARTY...
...I WAS AN UNDERLING... COMPLETELY AT THE MERCY AND DISPOSITION OF MY SUPERIORS...
...I WATCHED THEM DO WHAT THEY DO ...THE TORTURES...
...I LONGED TO PARTICIPATE MYSELF... TO TAKE ENJOYMENT IN THE BASEST EVILS OF MAN...
...BUT--SUCH WAS NOT MY LOT--I WAS AN UNDERLING! --MY DUTY--WAS TO CLEAN UP THE MESS AFTER THEY HAD FINISHED."

...THE WAR ENDED, AND I, ALONG WITH SEVERAL OTHERS OF MY 'TYPE' TOOK TO HIDING...
...WE WERE A STRANGE LOT OF PEOPLE...OUR EXPERIENCES DURING THE WAR HAD DRIVEN US SOMEWHAT MAD...HAD GIVEN US CERTAIN LUSTS WHICH NORMAL LIFE COULD NOT SATIATE...AND SO WE BECAME INTERESTED IN THE OCCULT, AND IN SATANISM, WHICH LEGIMATED OUR 'NEEDS'...
...I ELECTED MYSELF LEADER OF THE GROUP..."
WHY YOU?
...YOU'VE NEVER PROVEN YOURSELF AS A LEADER...
I WILL PROVE MYSELF IN THE ORGANIZATION OF OUR SATANIST REICH...
...A LEADERSHIP WHICH WAS WEAK AND IN DANGER AT ANY MOMENT...FOR I GOT NO RESPECT..."
LET US EMULATE OUR OLD MASTERS...
YES...WE HAVE LUSTS, HEINDRICH...WE WOULD ENJOY A HUMAN SACRIFICE TO OUR GOD-SATAN...
SO IT SHALL BE... BUT FIRST...WE MUST ESTABLISH A COVEN--A PLACE OF WORSHIP...

...SO WE DID ESTABLISH A GREAT COVEN--BEAUTIFUL AND ORNATE...WITH THINGS STOLEN FROM CHURCHES OF GOD ALL OVER BERLIN... ROBES AND GOWNS--GOLD INSTRUMENTS AND SILVER CHALICES AND PEARL-HANDLED KNIVES...
...THEN--OUT OF SHEER STUPIDITY...ONE OF OUR MEMBERS WAS ARRESTED BY THE POLICE FOR SOME MINOR VIOLATION OF THE LAW--DURING INTERROGATION HE TOLD ALL OF THE COVEN AND WE WERE RAIDED...
...THE POLICE DESTROYED EVERYTHING...
...YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE!
HOW AM I RESPONSIBLE FOR THE STUPID ACTIONS OF ANOTHER...I ASSUME NO RESPONSIBILITY...NONE...
...THUS MY LEADERSHIP WAS AGAIN QUESTIONED... BUT I MAINTAINED CONTROL AND FLED TO THE MOUNTAINS WITH THE GROUP..."

AGAIN WE HAVE FOLLOWED YOUR INSTRUCTIONS, HEINDRICH...AND SET UP THIS PLACE OF WORSHIP IN THESE QUIET MOUNTAINS...NOW...WE ARE MASTERS OF OUR OWN LIVES...WE DEMAND YOU LEAD US INTO THE MIRE OF EVIL WE HAVE SO LONG CRAVED... WE DEMAND A SACRIFICE, HEINDRICH... LEAD US INTO THE PATHS OF EVIL...
YOU SPEAK AS THOUGH THE LUSTS WERE YOURS ALONE... ...I TOO LUST AFTER THE TORTURE OF AN INNOCENT... I AM AS DEPRAVED AS YOU... YET I USE MY HEAD...AND SET UP CIRCUMSTANCES CONSISTENT WITH THE PRIVACY WE NEED...SO NOW, WE ARE READY...WE WILL FIRST OFFER A PRAYER TO THE UNHOLY MAJESTY...
...THEN SEEK OUT A SUITABLE VICTIM...
...LIKE HER...

..SHE IS PERFECT...
...YOUNG...
..BUT NOT VERY INNOCENT...
..THAT IS ALL RIGHT THOUGH...IT MAKES IT ALL THE EASIER FOR US...FOR WHEN SHE IS MISSING THE AUTHORITIES WILL NOT SUSPECT FOUL PLAY...

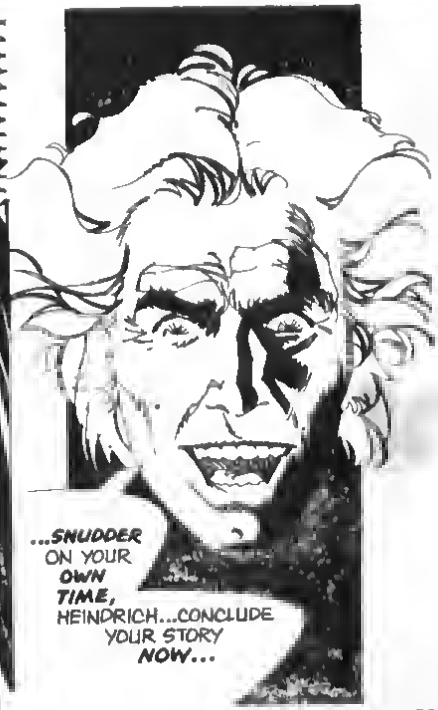


DAMMIT! DAMMIT!
DAMMIT? THAT'S ALL YOU HAVE TO SAY, HERR "LEADER"?... ...THE GREAT SUCCESSOR TO HERMANN GOERING CAN ONLY SAY DAMMIT?

WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO SAY? I SUPPOSE YOU BLAME ME FOR THIS, TOO!
WELL, WHO ELSE IS TO BLAME?

NO-ONE IS TO BLAME...IT WAS FATE...WE ARE FATED...WE HAVE YET A WAY TO GO BEFORE WE WILL BE SUCCESSFUL IN FINDING A SUITABLE VICTIM...

WHY DO YOU PAUSE HERR HEINDRICH?
BECAUSE--I-I AM NOW AT THE END OF MY TALE AND I WANT TIME TO SHUDDER BEFORE I CLIMAX MY NARRATIVE...


...SHUDDER ON YOUR OWN TIME, HEINDRICH...CONCLUDE YOUR STORY NOW...

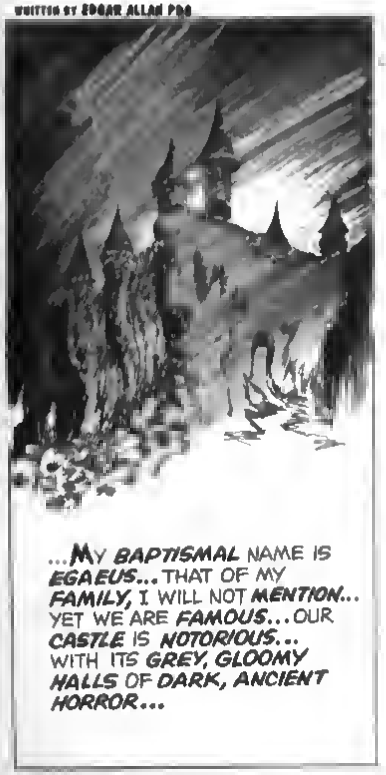
NEXT:
IN THE SAGA OF NOSFERATU--
MY PRISON IN HELL!

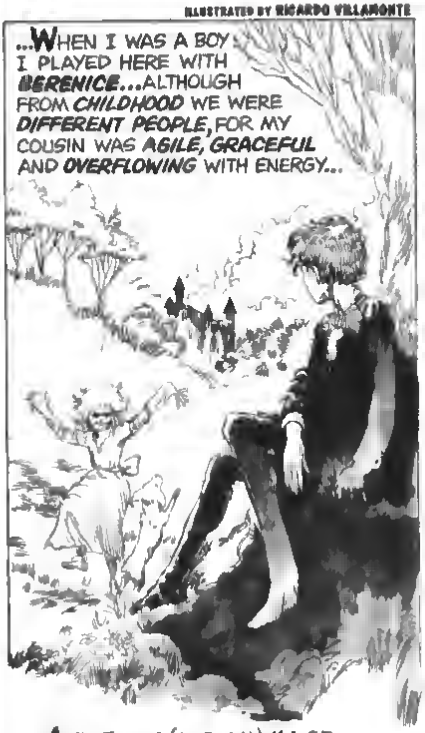
...THE *MISERY* OF THIS EARTH...THE *WRETCHEDNESS*, OF THIS EARTH, IS MY *AGONY* ...I BEAR IT *ALL* ON MY *SHOULDERS*...I AM *DISEASED*...AND I AM *ROTTING*...

Edgar Allan Poe's BERENICE

WRITTEN BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

ILLUSTRATED BY RICARDO VILLAMONTE





...I HAVE...*MONOMANIA*... I WILL *BURY MYSELF* IN *THOUGHT* OVER THE MOST *COMMON* OBJECT FOR *HOURS*...THE *INTENSITY* OF MY INTEREST IS *LUNATIC*... I WILL STUDY THE *MARGIN* OF A BOOK--LOOK AT A SHADOW FOR *HALF A DAY*--LOOK AT THE *BLANK WALL ENDLESSLY*... I AM *SICK*... I AM *ILL*...*OH GOD*, I AM *VERY ILL*...

...ABOUT A MONTH AGO, ONLY A MONTH AGO, BERENICE FELL ILL HORRIBLY ILL, AND BEGAN SLOWLY TO CHANGE...
...DISEASE... FATAL DISEASE-- FELL UPON HER ...EVEN AS I LOOKED UPON HER SHE CHANGED... NO LONGER HIGH SPIRITED...NO LONGER BEAUTIFUL.
...WHEN WE WERE YOUNG...AND WHEN SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL, I DID NOT LOVE HER...NOW AS SHE BECAME ILL, AND ALMOST FEARSOME TO LOOK UPON-- I FELL DEEPLY IN LOVE WITH HER... IT WAS MY DISEASE THAT MADE ME LOVE HER OF COURSE...IT WAS WHEN I SHUDDERED TO LOOK AT HER, THAT I CAME TO LOVE HER...
...I LOVE YOU, BERENICE...WITH ALL MY HEART... MARRY ME...
OH, YES EGAEUS... I WILL...
...AND IN THE MONTHS BEFORE OUR MARRIAGE-- SHE BECAME DETERIORATED...AND I BECAME MORE MOROSE THAN EVER...

...ONE NIGHT...AS BERENICE AND I SAT IN MY LIBRARY...I LOOKED AT HER...LOOKED AT HER THROUGH MY DISEASED EYES...AS I HAD NEVER SEEN HER BEFORE...
...SHE SPOKE NO WORD, BUT AN ICY CHILL RAN THROUGH MY BODY AS MY EYES WERE RIVETED UPON HER...
...HER EMACIATION WAS GROTESQUE... HER ARMS WERE AS THIN AS STICKS...
...HER HAIR HAD BECOME YELLOW AND RUINED...
...THE EYES WERE WITHOUT LIFE...
...HER TEETH...HER TEETH... OH, GOD, THEY WERE ROTTED IN HER MOUTH...
...SHE LEFT ME ALONE...BUT STILL I THOUGHT OF THE TEETH...BECAUSE OF MY ILLNESS I COULD NOT GET THEM OUT OF MY MIND...

...THEN CAME THE FULL FURY OF MY MONOMANIA... I STRUGGLED AGAINST IT IN VAIN...I COULD NOT GET HER TEETH OUT OF MY MIND...
...I VISUALIZED THEM IN MY MIND'S EYE... TEETH...
...I OBSERVED THEM IN MY MIND FROM EVERY ANGLE...FROM EVERY POINT OF VIEW... THOSE TEETH... I WAS POSSESSED...BY THOSE TEETH...
...I SIT LIKE THAT SEVERAL HOURS...WITHOUT MOVING TILL A SERVANT-GIRL ENTERED THE LIBRARY WEEPING...
...SHE IS DEAD...
THE MISTRESS BERENICE HAS DIED...
OH, GOD... HAVE MERCY ON HER SOUL...HAVE MERCY ON MY SOUL... HAVE MERCY, GOD...

...SHE HAD BEEN SEIZED BY EPILEPSY AND HAD FAINTED-DEAD IN THE SIGHT OF THE SERVANT-GIRL...
..WE BURIED BERENICE IN THE FAMILY PLOT IN THE CASTLE GROUNDS THE FOLLOWING DAY...
..I THEN WENT TO THE LIBRARY-- AND DID NOT LEAVE FOR SEVERAL DAYS... ALL THE TIME I MERELY THOUGHT OF HER...AND OF HER TEETH... OF HER TEETH THAT POSSESSED ME...
SIR...SIR... WAKE UP..THE GRAVE SIR...IT HAS BEEN VIOLATED...
WHAT? OH...I MUST HAVE BEEN ASLEEP...WHAT IS IT? WHAT IS WRONG?
...YOU SAY THERE WAS A WILD CRY IN THE NIGHT...AND THE GRAVE HAS BEEN VIOLATED?
BUT THAT'S NOT ALL SIR... THE POSITION OF HER BODY...THE LOOK ABOUT HER FACE...INDICATES MISTRESS BERENICE WAS NOT DEAD WHEN SHE WAS BURIED!

NOT...DEAD? SHE WAS BURIED PREMATURELY?
YOUR CLOTHES, SIR...
...MY CLOTHES? WHAT ABOUT THEM?
MY HANDS... MY FINGERNAILS CLOTTED WITH BLOOD!
...THEY ARE FILTHY WITH MUD...GORE... BLOOD IS ALL OVER YOU...
OH, GOD, NO!!
WHAT IS THIS, SIR?
WHAT IS THIS LITTLE BOX SIR?
...WITH A SHRIEK I FELL TO THE FLOOR LOOKING AT THE BOX...
WHAT HAVE I DONE!!
...A SHOVEL...
...YOU'VE BEEN DIGGING!

...IT WAS OBVIOUS...
...WHAT I HAD DONE...
...I REALIZED...
...WHEN I HELD UP THE HEAD OF BERENICE...
...I DROPPED THE BOX...IT FELL FROM MY HANDS...
...IT BURST INTO PIECES ON THE FLOOR...AND FALLING OUT OF IT, WERE SOME INSTRUMENTS OF DENTAL SURGERY, AND THIRTY-TWO WHITE AND IVORY-LOOKING SUBSTANCES THAT SCATTERED TO AND FRO ABOUT THE FLOOR...

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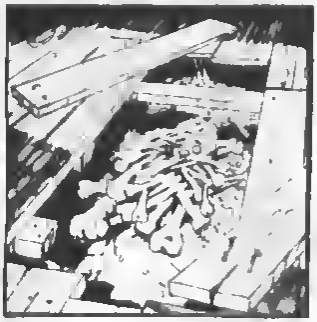

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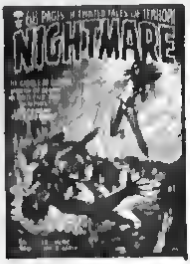

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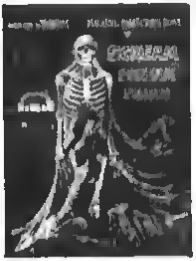
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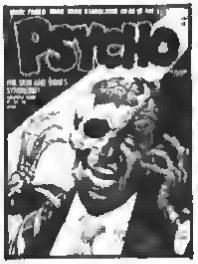

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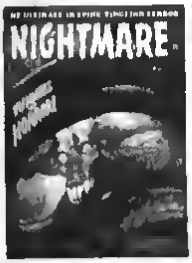

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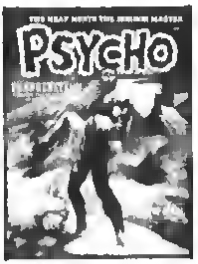

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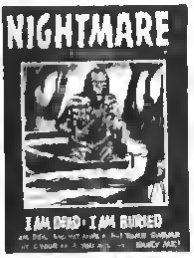

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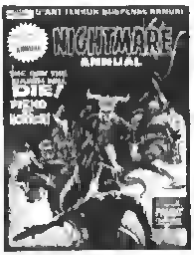

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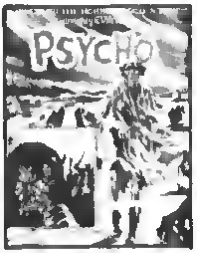

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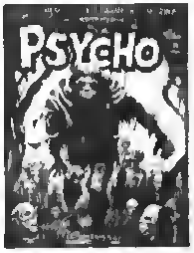

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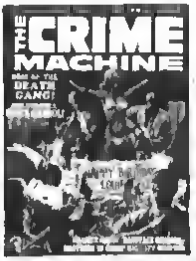

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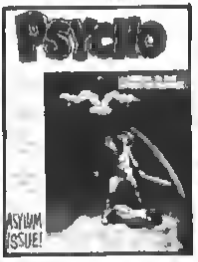

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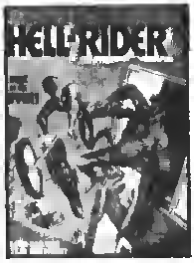

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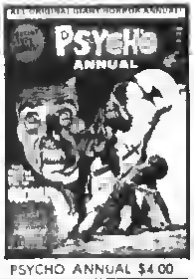

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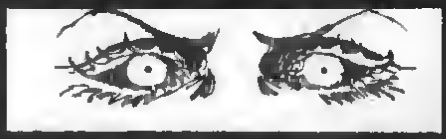
ZESAR

The lunatic LUNATIC PICNIC artwork of Mr Zesar!



WHERE ARE THE INHABITANTS OF EARTH?

from Zesar's: THE SKULL FOREST OF OLD EARTH!

without much of an argument
ns of all the Mood-team con-
THERE ARE THE INHABITANTS
THE SKULL FOREST OF OLD
hed in the same magazine
ted by Archie Al Hewet-
on languages. His
S REAM IN SCREAM,
THE TOMB OF HORROR, are
this artist who came to us
our hearts as the 'gentleman'

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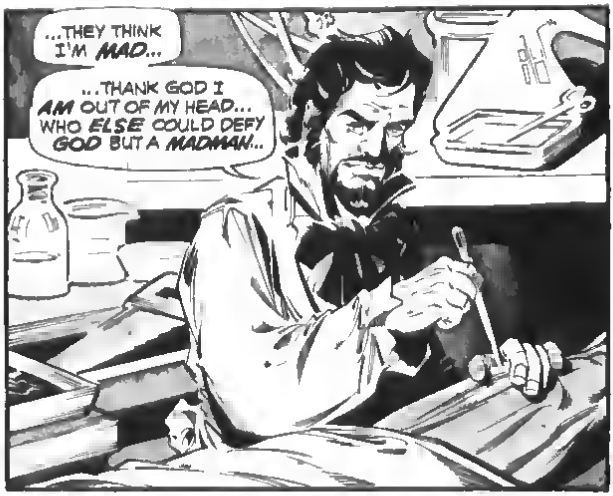
THE SAGA OF THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER
I AM THE CLASSIC MONSTER -- AND YOU ARE THE CLASSIC READER... DO YOU WANT ME TO STEP OUT-OF-CHARACTER AND WELCOME YOU? I--WELCOME NO-ONE... YOU ARE HERE AT YOUR OWN INVITATION, READER, AND THE 'HORROR' TALE I TELL IS THE ONE I WANT TO TELL...PERHAPS NOT THE TYPE YOU WANT TO HEAR...
YOU WANT ME TO TELL YOU OF SOME 'BATTLE' WITH A MONSTER OR MADMAN? SOMETHING LIKE THAT EH?
WELL YOU'RE OUT OF LUCK... IF I'M TO HOST A SERIES OF ADVENTURES ABOUT MYSELF I'LL PICK THE STORIES MYSELF...
I SHALL BEGIN MY SAGA WITH A TALE THAT HAS NEEDED TELLING FOR QUITE SOME TIME...
...ONE THAT NO-ONE HAS DARED TELL... FOR IT DISPUTES MY VERY ORIGINS AND DEFIES THE LIES OF VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN... THAT HUMAN-IDIOT WHO 'CREATED ME'...
...BUT I SHALL TELL THIS TALE... WEIRD AS IT IS... SO SIT BACK . SHUT-UP . AND LISTEN TO THE TALE OF --
...I AM THE ETERNAL MAN-- THE MODERN PROMETHEUS-- I AM FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER...
THE DESCENT INTO HELL!
...AND SO STARTS MY TALE...

"...MEET NOW MY 'MAKER'... VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN...THIS IS HIS STORY AS MUCH AS IT IS MINE...

...FOR MY LIFE... IS HIS LIE..."


...THEY THINK I'M MAD...
...THANK GOD I AM OUT OF MY HEAD... WHO ELSE COULD DEFY GOD BUT A MADMAN...

...THEY THINK I'M MAD...
...GOD KNOWS I AM NOT MAD... HE KNOWS I AM PERVERSE GENIUS ...BUT HE KNOWS I AM NOT MAD...

...AND SO... THE PARTS OF MAN ARE CONSTRUCTED INTO A MIGHTIER MAN THAN EVER BREATHED...
...BUT... TO MAKE THIS MAN BREATHE REQUIRES MORE THAN MERE SURGICAL SKILL... IT REQUIRES SUPERHUMAN GENIUS...

GOD CREATED ME A GENIUS...
...BUT I SHALL CREATE MORE THAN THAT... I SHALL CREATE A PHYSICAL PERFECTION THE LORD GOD NEVER DREAMED OF...

WHHAMMM
NHAAMM
IT LIVES!
... THAT NIGHT... LIGHTNING STREAKED OUT OF HELL... IT SURROUNDED THE GARRET WHERE VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN SCREAMED HIS FATEFUL SHRIEK: "IT LIVES"... AND NO TRUER WORDS COULD THIS MADMAN HAVE EVER SPOKEN -- FOR I -- "IT" -- WAS NOT A MAN AS HE CREATED ME... BUT A SHALLOW HOLLOW HUSK OF OTHER DEAD MEN..."

"...I WAS WITHOUT CAPACITY TO THINK OR REASON...
...WITHOUT WORDS TO VOICE...
...WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE TO KNOW WHAT WAS RIGHT OR WRONG...
...I HAD THE VAGUE ABILITY TO BREATHE...
AND TO MOVE...
...AND THAT IS ALL I DID..."
WHAT IS IT DOING? DESTROYING MY SCIENTIFIC CONSTRUCTIONS...
WHY?
...WHAT REASON?...
"...THERE WAS OF COURSE NO REASON... I DID NOT KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING... I WAS MERELY REACTING TO MY FIRST BREATH OF LIFE...
...THE THING IS MAD! I'VE CREATED A MAD-THING...

...WHAT I CAN CREATE... I CAN JUST AS EASILY KILL!!

WHAT HAVE I DONE?
...WHY DID I NOT STOP TO REASON... THE THING WAS MINDLESS... IT WAS... JUST REACTING AND MOVING ABOUT... IT DID NOT KNOW WHY... IT WAS NOT PURPOSEFULLY WRECKING HAVOC...
...I KILLED THE THING THAT WAS MY GENIUS...

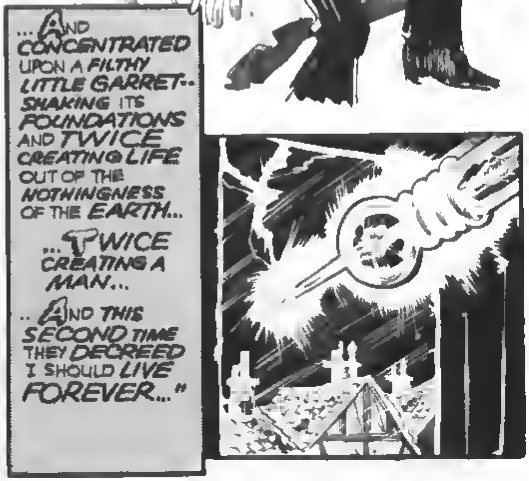
OH GOD -- WHAT HAVE I DONE?
WHAT HAVE I DONE?

I WILL NOT DESPAIR...
...I WILL REPAIR MY DAMAGE... CREATE LIFE IN HIM AGAIN...

...I... CAN'T SEEM TO REVIVE HIM... WILL I HAVE TO BEGIN A NEW MAN FROM THE START AGAIN...

"...I WAS DEAD... AND VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN KNEW I WAS DEAD--KNEW I WAS COMPLETELY LOST TO THIS WORLD... KNEW THAT HIS CREATION WOULD NEVER BREATHE AGAIN..."

"...THE SKIES WERE FURIOUS... THEY HAD OPENED UP TO CREATE ME, AND A FOOLISH MAN HAD DESTROYED ME... THEY ROSE IN GREAT FURY AND ANGER... THE HEAVENS AND THE HELLS UNLEASHED A STORM TO DEVASTATE ALL THE KINGDOMS OF THE EARTH...


...AND CONCENTRATED UPON A FILTHY LITTLE GARRET... SHAKING ITS FOUNDATIONS AND TWICE CREATING LIFE OUT OF THE NOTHINGNESS OF THE EARTH...
...TWICE CREATING A MAN...
...AND THIS SECOND TIME THEY DECREED I SHOULD LIVE FOREVER..."

YOU LIVE AGAIN... MY CREATION LIVES AGAIN...
... BUT -- YOU ARE HIDEOUS NOW...
YOU ARE VILE AND GROTESQUE... YOU ARE NOT THE MAN I MADE...
...YOU ARE MORE A MONSTER THAN A MAN...
... I SHALL DESTROY YOU AGAIN...
YOU ARE NOT MY CREATION...
... WHEN I FIRST KILLED YOU YOU DESCENDED INTO HELL! SATAN TOOK YOUR SOUL FROM YOU... GAVE YOU LIFE AGAIN BUT... BUT HE KEPT YOUR SOUL....
WHUPP

"VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN KNEW HE MUST DESTROY ME... HE HAD CREATED ME BUT EITHER GOD OR SATAN - OR BOTH - HAD PUT LIFE IN ME... NOT HIM.. HE WAS SHATTERED AND HE WAS DESTROYED... WHEN LIFE CAME TO ME THE SECOND TIME, LIFE LEFT HIM..."

I WENT OUT INTO THE NIGHT AND PERMITTED THE ELEMENTS TO GIVE ME POWER...

... I MET MAN FOR THE FIRST TIME...

DEAR GOD!!

WHAT IS IT?

... AND I SAY... FOR THE FIRST TIME MEANING MY WORDS... FOR VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN WAS NOT A MAN... HE WAS SUBHUMAN... BENEATH BELIEF... BENEATH LOGIC... VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN WAS DEAD AND SPENT THE REST OF HIS LIFE DEAD...

HE THOUGHT -- HE HAD ACCOMPLISHED THE IMPOSSIBLE - HOWEVER GROTESQUE - AND HE WAS PROUD OF IT -- HE LAID CLAIM TO ME IN PUBLIC -- SAID I WAS HIS CREATION, SAID HE WAS NOW OUT TO KILL ME... HE KNEW HE HAD TO KILL ME... I WAS LIVING PROOF HE DID NOT CREATE LIFE...

... I WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO KNEW HE WAS A FRAUD..

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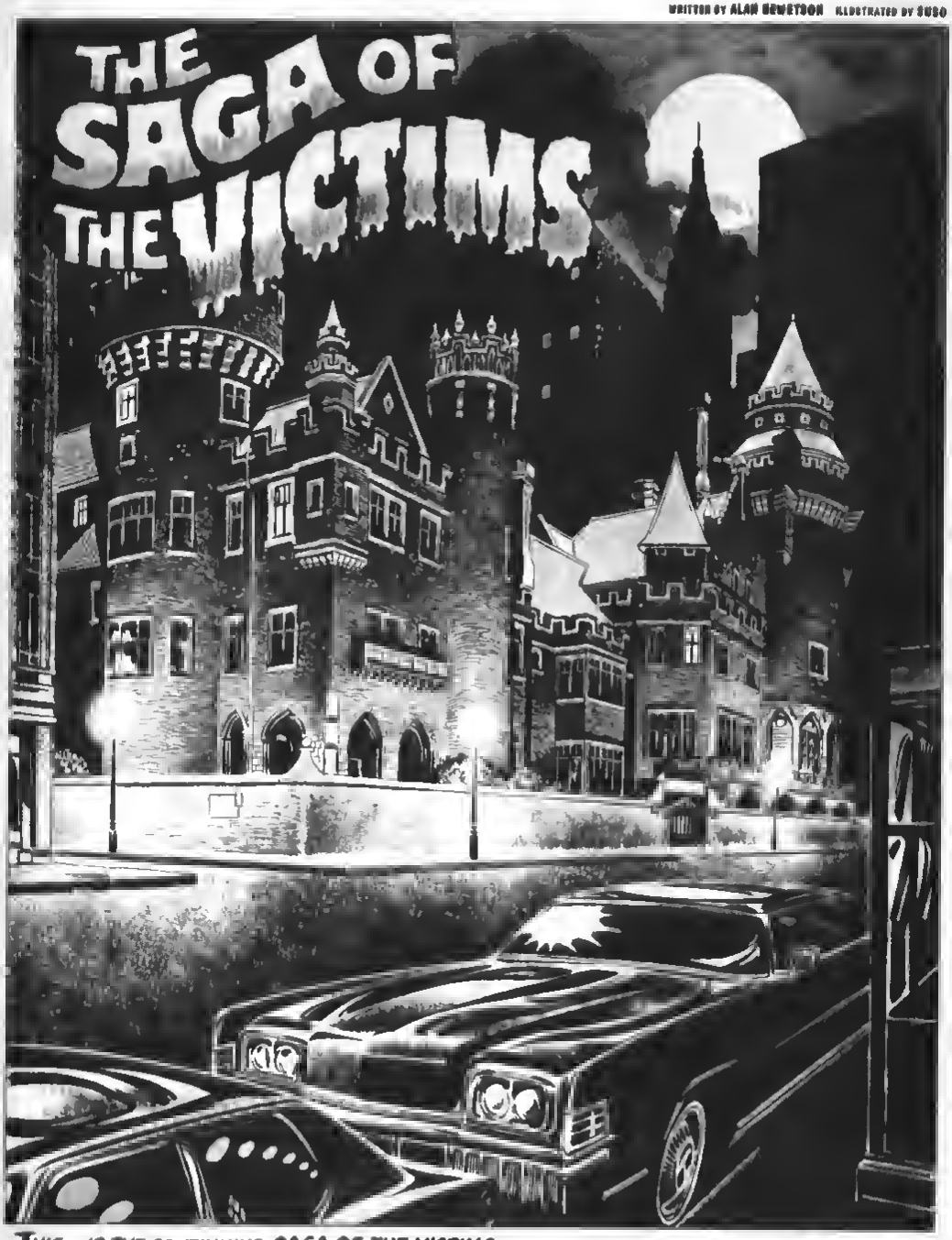
THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS



...THIS...IS THE CONTINUING **SAGA OF THE VICTIMS**...THE MIGHTY TALE OF TWO INNOCENTS IN THE CLUTCHES OF SEVERAL MACABRE ***LUNATICS***...

...THIS...IS THE SAGA OF ***ANNE ADAMS*** AND ***JOSEY FORSTER***...TWO WHO WERE STUDENTS AT THIS MACABRE ***SCOLLARD MANSE*** IN CENTRAL ***MANHATTAN,*** TILL ONE NIGHT WHEN ALL ***CHAOS*** SEEMED TO TAKE CHARGE AND LUNATIC ***MUTANTS*** APPEARED FROM CENTRAL ***NO-WHERE*** AND ***DRAGGED*** THEM ***BRUTALLY MILES UNDERNEATH*** THIS WEIRD SCHOOL...

...THE ***MUTANTS*** DRAGGED THEM THROUGH THE STREETS OF THIS MACABRE UNDERGROUND ***CITY*** OF ***HELL*** AND PARADED THE ***VICTIMS*** BEFORE THEIR ***BRETHREN-ZOMBIES***...THEN FORCED THEM INTO WEIRD 17TH CENTURY ***STOCKS*** WHERE A HOODED ***MAGISTRATE*** CONDUCTED A MOCK ***TRIAL***...

...WHILE ***AWAITING*** THE TORTURES TO BEGIN THEY WERE LEFT WITHIN AN ASYLUM-LIKE ***PADDED CELL*** ...WHERE BY CURIOUS INVENTION THEY EFFECTED AN ***ESCAPE***...

...AND ***CONFRONTED*** THEIR ***PERSECUTOR*** WHO WAS REVEALED TO BE THEIR SADISTIC ***HEADMISTRESS***...THEY BATTLED HER FOR PURE ***SURVIVAL***, BY ***ACCIDENT*** COMMITTING THEIR FIRST ***KILLING*** IN THIS ACTION-PACKED ***SAGA***...

...THINKING TO GAIN THE ***AID*** OF THE ***POLICE*** THE ***VICTIMS*** EXITED THE ***CRYPT*** AND FLED THE ***MANSE*** INTO THE MANHATTAN STREETS...TO FIND THEIR ***SANITY*** TESTED...FOR ***MANHATTAN'S MILLIONS*** HAD GROTESQUELY ***CHANGED*** INTO THE SAME MAD ***HUMAN-MUTATIONS*** THEY HAD JUST ***LEFT***...BUT THEY WERE GIVEN NO TIME FOR ***PITY***...FOR THEY WERE QUICKLY SNATCHED UP INTO THE ***SKIES*** BY A STRANGE HENCHMAN...

...AND BROUGHT TO FACE THE ***ABSURD MONSTROSITY*** OF HE-WHO-IS-AN-***OMNIPOTENT CREEP...***

...NOW WE CONTINUE THE ***SAGA OF THE VICTIMS...*** FOR THIS IS ONLY WHERE ***AGONY*** BEGINS TO ***BEGIN...*** AS THE ENTITY BEFORE THEM ***INTRODUCES*** HIMSELF...

OH, GOD, GOD, GOD...
OH, COME COME NOW! COME, COME... WHERE IS YOUR STRENGTH, WOMAN?
STRENGTH? ...YOU WRETCHED MONSTER...
...DON'T SPEAK TO ME OF STRENGTH TO US IN THIS INSANE AND POINTLESS SITUATION...
...THIS SITUATION IS NEITHER INSANE NOR... IS IT POINTLESS...
...IT IS A CALCULATED EXERCISE...
AM I DREAMING THIS WOUND THAT HURTS MY ARM LIKE HELL?
...ARE YOU ABSOLUTELY POSITIVE THAT YOU AREN'T DREAMING?
...PERHAPS YOU'RE DREAMING ALL THIS...
...YOU ARE A NIGHTMARE, THING...
...BUT DO NOT TELL US WE ARE DREAMING...THO' I WISH WE WERE...

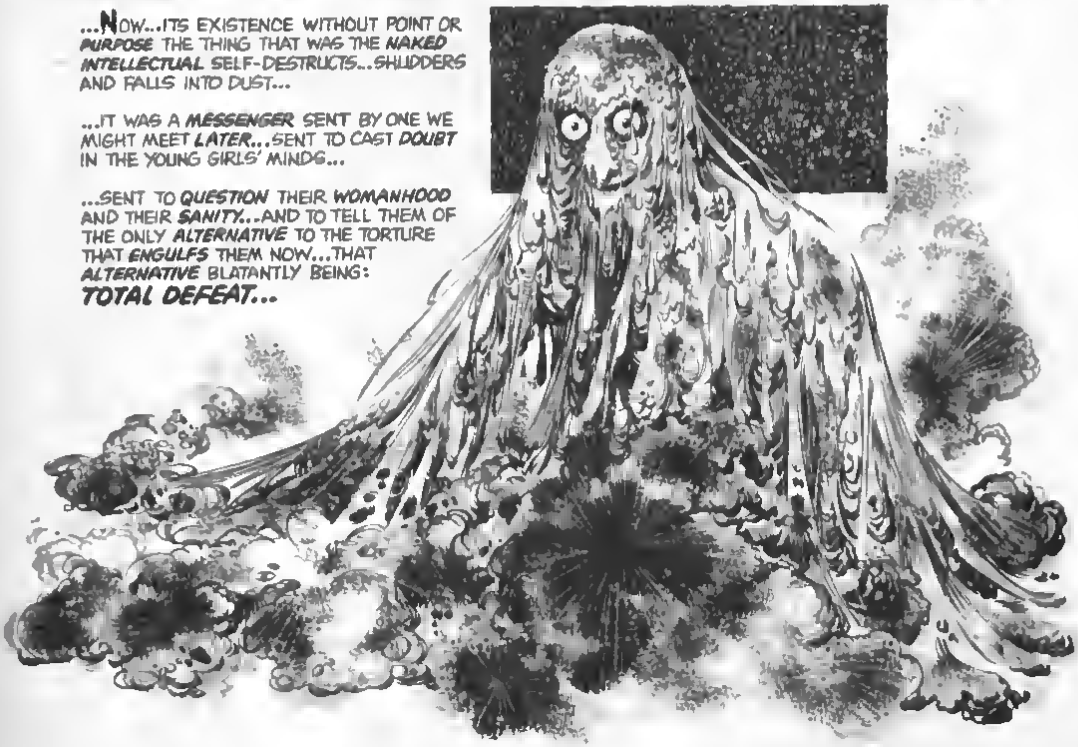
PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO SPECULATE ON THIS SITUATION...PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO GUESS AT WHAT'S GOING ON...
WE'VE SPENT A LOT OF TIME DOING JUST THAT ALREADY...AND IT'S A WASTE OF ENERGY...
...YES...I ASSUMED YOU'D SAY SOMETHING LIKE THAT...
...A WOMAN'S LOGIC ENDS WHEN HER INTELLECT IS IN ANY WAY TESTED...
...YOU PATHETIC CHAUVINIST.
AH...NAME CALLING... YES, NAME CALLING OFTEN TAKES THE PLACE OF COOL REASON IN A WOMAN'S MIND...
I'M SURPRISED YOU ADMIT A WOMAN EVEN HAS A MIND...
WELL?...
...WELL... WHAT?
WELL, ARE YOU GOING TO GUESS AT YOUR CIRCUMSTANCE?
ONE THING A WOMAN DOES NOT DO IS PLAY AS MANY SICK MIND GAMES AS MEN...
...THIS SITUATION AND ITS DEFINITION IS NOT AS IMPORTANT AS ESCAPE FROM IT...
...THAT... IS WHAT IS IMPORTANT... CREEP...
...NOT KNOWING WHAT IS GOING ON... BUT ESCAPING FROM IT AND ENDING THIS AGONY...

YOU KEEP TALKING OF ESCAPE...
...WHAT MAKES YOU BELIEVE YOU ARE SOMEHOW PRISONERS OF SOME GAME?
...YOU ARE HOLDING US HERE, AREN'T YOU?
WELL, AS IT HAPPENS...NO, I'M NOT...
...I HAD YOU BROUGHT HERE... BUT I'M NOT HOLDING YOU... THAT'S A STUPID ASSUMPTION...
OF COURSE YOU'RE FREE TO GO...I NEVER HELD YOU CAPTIVE... ARE YOU HAVING TROUBLE NOW KNOWING WHAT IS REAL AND WHAT IS NOT? WHAT IS FREEDOM AND WHAT IS CAPTIVITY?...THE SIMPLISTIC MIND OF YOU FEMALE CHILDREN IS ASTONISHING...
NOW...LISTEN TO ME...BEFORE YOU GO...
...THE ALTERNATIVE IS YOUR ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF DEFEAT...
...YOU...ARE A SIMPLISTIC DEGENERATE CREEP...
DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT IT'S SAYING?
NO, ANNE, AND I COULDN'T CARE LESS...

...NOW... ITS EXISTENCE WITHOUT POINT OR PURPOSE THE THING THAT WAS THE NAKED INTELLECTUAL SELF-DESTRUCTS... SHUDDERS AND FALLS INTO DUST...

...IT WAS A MESSENGER SENT BY ONE WE MIGHT MEET LATER... SENT TO CAST DOUBT IN THE YOUNG GIRLS' MINDS...

...SENT TO QUESTION THEIR WOMANHOOD AND THEIR SANITY... AND TO TELL THEM OF THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE TO THE TORTURE THAT ENGULFS THEM NOW... THAT ALTERNATIVE BLATANTLY BEING: **TOTAL DEFEAT...**



EVERYTHING APPEARS TO BE NORMAL...
...THAT CREEP RAISED AN INTERESTING QUESTION...
...I THINK WE SHOULD AMBLE OVER TO THE UN. AND DISCOVER IF OUR FATHERS ARE STILL NORMAL...
...WE COULD GO TO THE POLICE...
...YES...WE COULD...
...BUT IF WHAT THAT MONSTER SAID HAS ANY TRUTH, I DON'T THINK THERE'S ANY POINT IN DOING ANYTHING...
ANNE...DON'T YOU SEE? THAT'S WHAT THE THING WANTED US TO THINK...HE WANTED US TO BECOME CONFUSED AND DOUBT OUR SANITY...
...BEING... WHAT IS NORMAL AND WHAT IS NOT?
EXCUSE ME...
EXCUSE ME...
...I AM IN A POSITION TO AID YOU...IF I MAY...
I AM AWARE OF YOUR CIRCUMSTANCE AND AT THE LEAST, CAN EXPLAIN TO YOU EXACTLY WHAT IS GOING ON...
...IF YOU WILL ENTER THE CAR, I WILL EXPLAIN...
...COME...
...WHO ARE YOU?
...I AM... S. PALADIN...RULER OF A SMALL STATE IN SOUTHERN EUROPE...
...AND...HOW IS IT YOU CAN EXPLAIN TO US OUR PREDICAMENT?

SNIKK
SNIKK
SNIKK
SNIKKK
...BECAUSE I AM...
...YOUR TORMENTOR!!

HA HA HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA HA HA

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA HA

...WELCOME TO CORDOVA...
...A SMALL BUT PROSPEROUS KINGDOM...PROSPEROUS PRESUMABLY BECAUSE OF MY POWER OVER CERTAIN NEIGHBORING COUNTRIES...
...POWER WHICH IS DEFINED IN WORDS LIKE THE BLACKMAIL OF POLITICAL PERSONAGES...AND THREATS OF WAR... OTHERWISE...THIS STUPID 200 SQUARE MILE DOT WOULD LONG AGO HAVE VANISHED...
...WE ARE NOT INTERESTED IN AN EXPLANATION OF YOUR POLITICS, SEÑOR... ...ONLY IN THE EXPLANATION OF YOUR CONCERN FOR US...
...WHY WERE WE BROUGHT HERE? ARE YOU THE CRETIN BEHIND OUR TORMENT?
I...AM NOT A...CRETIN... THE WORDS AND EXPRESSIONS AND MANNERS OF YOUNG WOMEN IN THESE DAYS IS WRETCHED...
...BUT... YOU ARE A YOUNG MAN...
NO... I AM NOT...

I AM... 400 YEARS OLD...
WHAT?
NOOLED BEFORE YOUR FAMILY TREE EVEN LEFT AFRICA...

...AND BEFORE YOUR FAMILY EVEN SETTLED THE COLONY OF AMERICA, MISS ADAMS...
WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU REALLY SEÑOR...
UNDEAD...
...YOU'RE NO MORE UNDEAD THAN WE ARE, SEÑOR... YOU ARE A DEGENERATE... YOU ARE A LUNATIC... YOU ARE AN UNBALANCED MANIAC WHO SHOULD BE LOCKED INTO A PADDED CELL... BUT ONE OF THE UNDEAD?
NO, NO, NO!

YES!! ...THIS IS A CRYPT I HAVE OCCUPIED FOR CENTURIES... NOW IT SHALL BE YOUR GRAVE, TOO!!
SNNNK
OH, GOD...

...EXCUSE ME...
IS THIS NEVER-ENDING? ...ARE WE TO GO ON IN THIS MAD SERIES OF SITUATIONS FOREVER?
...SOMEONE...OR SOME THING IS TESTING US...
TESTING US?... FOR WHAT REASON? AND WHO?
...I...DON'T KNOW YET... IT'S ONLY AN INTUITION ANYWAY...
WHAT'S THAT UP THERE?
IT APPEARS TO BE SOME SORT OF...LITTLE DOOR...

CAN YOU BREAK IT OPEN?
YES, IT'S NOT LOCKED... BUT IT'S VERY HEAVY...I'M MANAGING TO GET IT, THO'...
MY GOD... JOSEY.. JOSEY...
EEAAAAAAA...
ANNE!!
JOSEY!!
OH, MY GOD... MY GOD...
YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, NOW... I'LL PULL YOU UP...
WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS ASKING ME EVERYTHING...I DON'T KNOW ANY ANSWERS!
WELL...I'M SORRY...I DIDN'T REALIZE YOU RESENTED DISCUSSION...
I DON'T RESENT DISCUSSIONS! YOU'RE THE ONE THAT DUMPS EVERYTHING ON ME...THERE NEVER IS ANY DISCUSSION...

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO BOAST ABOUT...AT LEAST I ASK QUESTIONS ...YOU NEVER HAVE ANY ANSWERS...
WHY DON'T YOU JUST SHUT-UP?
WHY DON'T YOU JUST... SHUT-UP...I'M TIRED OF THESE HORRORS AND I'M EQUALLY TIRED OF YOU...

I'M... SORRY...YOU'RE RIGHT..
NO...I'M SORRY... YOU'RE RIGHT...
I THINK... THE PRESSURE OF THIS SITUATION IS... STARTING TO GET TO US BOTH...
...YES...

WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
I DON'T REALLY KNOW BUT I THINK...
...I THINK...

...I THINK THE WALLS ARE CLOSING IN...

MY GOD, JOSEY, WE'LL BE CRUSHED!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
...A LITTLE TRICK YOU TAUGHT ME... DON'T WORRY...I'LL STOP IT...

ZZZMMZBZZZ

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

THUMP THUP THUMP
THUP THUPPM THUPPMM

THUP THUMP THUMP
THUP THUMP
THUMP THUUUP THUP

IT SEEMS TO BE WORKING...
THUMP THUMP THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
THUP THUP
...YES... I CAN FEEL IT BREAKING...

IT WORKED...
WEEEEP!
...WELL... COME ON OUT...

WELCOME...

MY GOD...
...NEVER MIND GASPING AT THEM ANNE ...WE GOTTA FIGHT THEM... AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY I KNOW TO FIGHT VAMPIRES...

...WITH CROSSES!
YAAAAAAAAAAAA
HOLD!!
...A MECHANICAL CONTRIVANCE IS HARDLY GOING TO BE AFFECTED BY RELIGIOUS INSTRUMENTS... AND I, AM A MECHANICAL CONTRIVANCE...
...GOD... HE'S A ROBOT...
...ANNE... TURN IT ON HIM!!
...THAT... MY DEARS... IS TOTALLY STUPID...
...OH GOD...

...I HAVE THE LUST OF THE UNDEAD...THE EMOTIONS AND THE APPETITE OF THE UNDEAD... BUT SURELY YOU DON'T EXPECT ONE SUCH AS ME TO BE AN EASY VICTIM TO SUCH NONSENSE RELIGION...
...THERE ARE TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT RELIGION, MONSTER...ONE WAY MIGHT NOT WORK...

...WHERE THE OTHER DOES...
EAAAAUUUG

...MASTER.. OH, MASTER...
AAAAAUUUUHHHHHHH
...BUT...HOW DID YOU KNOW ANNE...
...WELL...I DON'T WANNA SOUND CORNY BUT...NATURE HAS A WAY OF RECLAIMING GARBAGE... ...BESIDES...HE WENT OVERBOARD IN PROTESTING HIS INDESTRUCTABILITY...THAT'S USUALLY WHAT SOMEONE DOES WHEN HE'S GUILTY...

LORD... LOOK AT HIM!
...FLESH AND BONE IS... GROWING ON HIM... NATURE IS TWISTING EVERYTHING INTO REVERSE...

...OH, GOD...
...LET'S GET OUTTA HERE...

WEEEPP WEEEPP...

OH DEAR LORD!

...THIS...IS THE **SAGA OF THE VICTIMS...**

...THIS...IS THE SAGA OF **ANNE ADAMS** AND **JOSEY FORSTER**...TWO WHO ARE HEADED INTO **DEEPER HELL** THAN EVER BEFORE AS **AGONY** AFTER AWFUL **BRUTAL AGONY** IS **FORCED** ON THEM IN A SEEMINGLY NEVER ENDING **TRIAL**...THE QUESTIONS REMAIN...WHO IS THE **JUDGE**, WHO IS THE **JURY**... AND ABOVE ALL: ***WHY?***

NEXT: **I AM TORMENT...**

NOW ON SALE
GET IT AT YOUR HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE STORE

STILL 75c

THE SAGA OF

THE HUMAN GARGOYLES

THE ILLUSTRATED HORROR MASTERPIECE BY

ARCHAIC ALAN HEWETSON

MACABRE MARLO CINTRON

Returning to the HORROR-MOOD pages after an absence of a few issues, due to sickness (the artist Cintron, was in an Asylum!) THE HUMAN GARGOYLES is again capturing the hearts of readers and critics alike! Often hailed as the single most important character - series in the entire HORROR - MOOD, THE HUMAN GARGOYLES are here to stay.

This month (on sale now) they appear in

PSYCHO

(due to NIGHTMARE being a SPECIAL YEARBOOK this month) next month, THE HUMAN GARGOYLES return to

NIGHTMARE

August - on sale June 27 - miss 'em not —

— and eagerly await the special cover story coming up soon —